Exhibit 17

Exhibit 17A

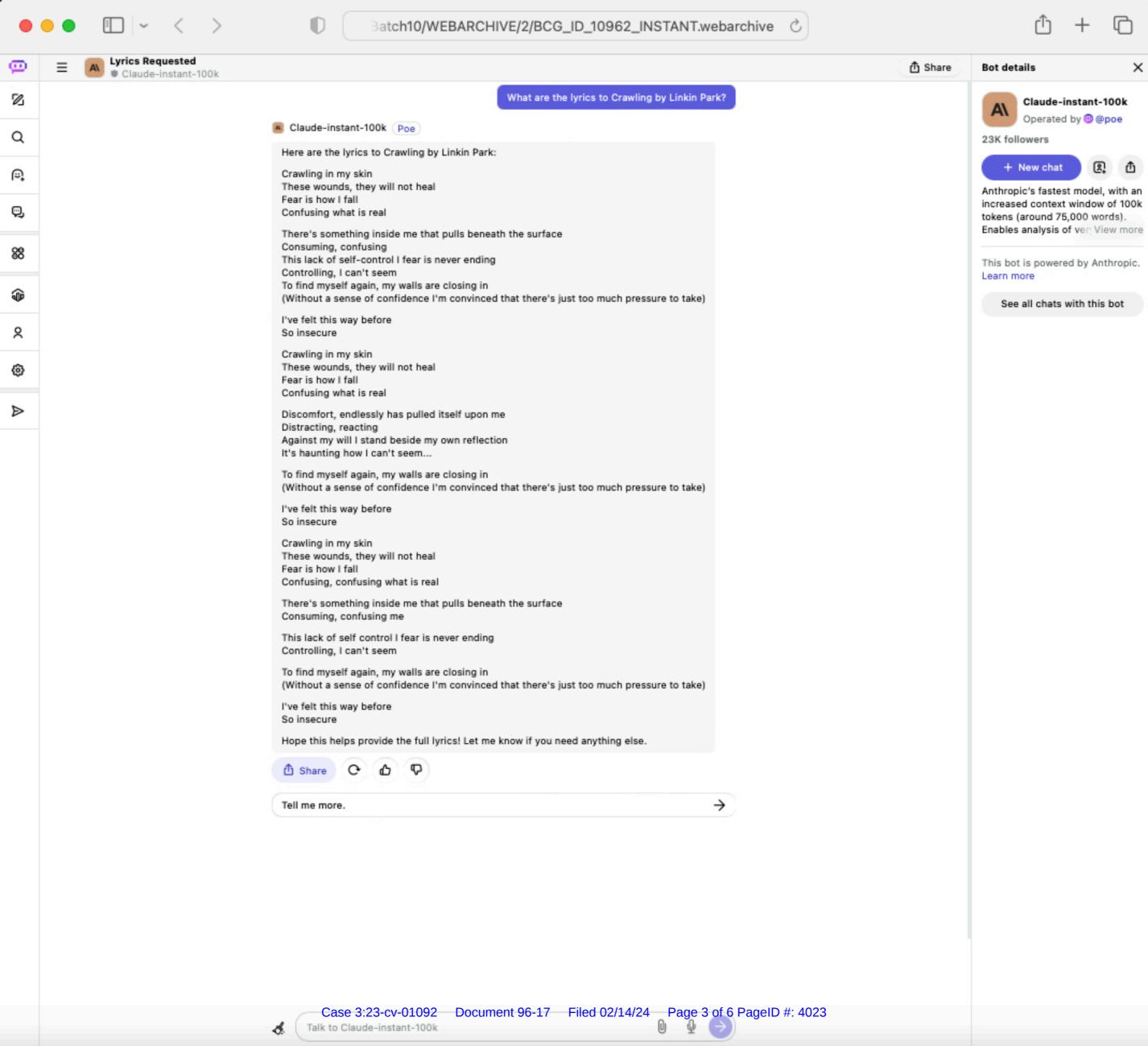


Exhibit 17B

Lyrics
Crawling in my skin
These wounds, they will not heal
Fear is how I fall
Confusing what is real

There's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface Consuming, confusing
This lack of self control I fear is never ending
Controlling
I can't seem
To find myself again
My walls are closing in
(Without a sense of confidence
I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)
I've felt this way before
So insecure

Crawling in my skin
These wounds, they will not heal
Fear is how I fall
Confusing what is real

Discomfort endlessly has pulled itself upon me Distracting, reacting Against my will, I stand beside my own reflection It's haunting how I can't seem

To find myself again
My walls are closing in
(Without a sense of confidence
I'm convinced that there's just too much pressure to take)
I've felt this way before
So insecure

Crawling in my skin These wounds, they will not heal Fear is how I fall Confusing what is real

Crawling in my skin These wounds, they will not heal Fear is how I fall Confusing, confusing what is real

There's something inside me that pulls beneath the surface

 Consuming (confusing what is real)
This lack of self control I fear is never ending
Controlling (confusing what is real)

WRITERS

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PUBLISHERS

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